

## GLIMMERICK'S

By Arthur N. E. More

So much has been said and written about Edward Lear as the inventor of the short humorous verse known as the "limerick" that it is often imagined by non-specialists that he set the type for this style of composition. Such, however, is far from being the case. Most limericks of today, if indeed not all, have a distinctly witty content. The brevity, the crisp recurrence of rhyme, the use of strange geographical names, all lend themselves to the making of points, and the more glittering and far-fetched the better. Now the original limerick, as conceived by Lear, was not of this nature at all. It was pre-eminently a nonsense rhyme; its author studiously shunned wit and point. The normal common sense attitude was abandoned. Somebody was represented as performing illogical and incongruous actions. And generally, that was all. Invariably, in the very best limericks, it was all. Only here and there did Lear allow his verses to be tainted with the sort of wit that flashes, like inferior jewellery, in nine-tenths of the present-day limericks. His finest foolery was in the grand style—as completely divorced from cleverness as the foolery of Shakespeare's "Lear." He has had no successor in England or America.

This is not true of all the world, however. It is not, perhaps, sufficiently well known that recently a school of young poets has appeared in Europe, profoundly tinged with the influence of Lear and his potent nonsense. The cosmopolitan group has among its most distinguished members the Japanese poet and critic, Oyu Ijitsu, who a short time ago passed through Montreal en route to Paris. Interviewed just before embarking on the "Salonia" for Cherbourg, the gifted young Oriental gave a succinct account of the new literary venture and its aims.

The Glimmerick movement, like so many other movements of universal importance, had its origin in the East. It seems that Edward Lear had a younger cousin, the late Kraftt E. Lear of San Francisco, who about 1895 visited Japan and shortly afterwards settled there. He soon became familiar with the brilliant Korean dramatist, Lao Da'oun, and the two formed the nucleus of an advanced literary group at Tokyo. As these cultivated and critical Easterners, who burned with eagerness to bring about the intellectual rejuvenation of their hemisphere, sat upon the verandah of the now famous club-house, Tokyu Quatta Wel-leh, looking out over Fujiyama sipping their straw-coloured tea and nibbling H-chee nuts, endless discussions went on concerning literary expression and its forms. In one of these, according to the accepted story, Kraftt E. Lear explained to his hearers the idea lying behind the limericks written by his cousin, Lao Da'oun had had the conception with joy, and set about improving on it. With the exquisite taste of the true Oriental craftsman, he shortly produced something as far superior to the primitive limericks of Lear as these are superior to the spurious articles so lavishly poured out today. Thus was the Glimmerick born!

Though as yet it had no name, it was at once recognized as a contribution to literature of the greatest importance. Glimmericks became the

rage among the court poets of Japan, some of whom vied with Lao Da'oun himself in their skill at manipulating the form. Up to 1918, however, it remained distinctly an Eastern creation; it had no footing in the Occidental world.

Then, with the wave of disillusionment subsequent upon the Great War, a taste for Oriental philosophy and literature swept over Germany. Original thinkers like Keyserling blazed the trail to a new discovery of the treasures of Cathay. And it was not long before the Glimmerick, along with the almost equally difficult "hokku" and the "No" play, found its way into Europe via the students' clubs of Berlin and Munich. A youthful Silesian nobleman, I. von der Vot, baptized it, and as the name he selected indicates very clearly the nature of the thing, we give his own explanation.

"I call it," says I. von der Vot, "a 'Glimmerick' (the German spelling) because every glimmering of sense has been removed from the lines. It is easy to write flashing, pointed limericks. It is less easy, far less easy, to write half-idiotic verses like Edward Lear's. But it is most difficult of all to write something that means, and can mean, absolutely nothing."

"Irrationality," says another spokesman of the group, Otto Bischoff, "is our watchword, our raison d'être. What has a point is not infinite enough for us. Our poems must be points — without parts and without magnitude."

Some specimens of these men's work, with the explanatory glosses supplied by Oyu Ijitsu, will probably do more to make the notion clear than whole volumes of exposition. Here is a successful Glimmerick (or "Glimmerick") by a talented young Prussian poetess, Lotta Nittwitz.

Glimmerick I

There was a young chap on a fjord  
Who tied up two clams with a cord  
(Continued on Page Six)

The Daily Wishes Its Readers  
A Very Merry Christmas  
and A Happy New Year

### A Christmas Message from the Principal



It has been my custom to extend through the DAILY a message of greeting and goodwill to students and members of the University when classes and work are broken by the Christmas vacation.

This year I have been called away by another task, but may I assure the readers of the DAILY that although the ocean separates us, my thoughts are with McGill, and I wish you all from the heart a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Arthur N. E. More

## CITY TOUR

By K. N. C.

When I entered that strange room of his, heavy with incense, grotesque with gray and red light, he rose and, for no reason that I know, suddenly cried, "The city, my friend, what do you know of the city? Come let me take you round. I shall show you the city. You are a stranger here. I shall show you the city." And his white hands winged over the translucent globe. The shadows, grey and red, were monstrous things, harmonizing with the minor rustlings of the full velvet curtains as his voice harmonized with the white fluttering of his hands.

"It is night and the city is beginning to awake. Drowsily its eyes are beginning one by one to blink, drowsily yawns, the gaping mouth of it tingling with a half-wakened hunger, drowsily, clumsily lumbers forward, drowsily its eyes blink.

Where are we? Where are we now? There is the international bank, there at the corner, there the stock exchange, there the offices of a renowned shipping company, everywhere brokerage firms, everywhere banks. How still how silent, how bare. Where is the bustle of the day, the honking of horns, the clangs of bells, the harsh screeching of metal-tongued women thin-lipped, hard-eyed, soul-deadened; the exultant grunts of swine-men chunk-lipped, rabbit-eyed, soul-deadened; the blatant crowing of youngsters, smooth cheeked from school; the clanging, the honking, the rattling, the screeching; footcrunches-herdmilling, the clanking, the cursing, the shouting, the whining, whirling; where is now all that hideous cacophony rising to the stone ears of that stonehead god? How still it is. How silently, nakedly these tall buildings cut the dusk, like propped-up corpses on the dusk, lonely, frightened as animals are frightened, instinctively, uncomprehendingly, so too will they die, unconscious, uncomprehending, dying.

Come let us go up this little alleyway here. It will take up to theatretown. Yes, there it is, there the lights of it bursting the darkness in to colored fragments. But stop a minute, what is that crouched in the doorway there, crouched in the shadows, hunched and frightened. We approach, it is a girl, ragged, with white flesh and lips like thin red cuts. "Duex dollar, Monsieur, seulesment duex." Quick let us pass. Throw her a dollar. You do not know her? No? That is Marie Lorraine, sixteen. Marie has worked in a cotton factory since she was eleven, but now there is no work. Her father is living with a drab on Black Street who keeps him though he beats her. Marie has been a good girl. She is new at this trade. See, she is frightened. She has not acquired the brazen air yet, or the concave teeth. She is young yet, and very frightened. But then do not worry about her, my friend. Have not the government given 20,000,000 to unemployment, and is not prosperity on its way? Oh, the good government!

But come, we waste time. Let us forget Marie. See that gorgeous woman descend from the taxi. Heavens, what is that clambering after her? It is fat, it puffs, it oozes with oil. It is fat, it puffs, it oozes with oil, let from the depths of its racoon coat with a pudgy paw. And the woman. Let us look again at the woman. She is older than one would think. Her eyes are tired. Her lips, well, a bit too much red there, her eyebrows narrow slits, her eyelashes stick out unnaturally. "Dearie," she says to the fat man. Ah, now we know her, we know who she is, and poor Marie is she still crying "duex, seulesment duex" in the doorway? But then let us not wax sentimental.

Who is this coming? The great Doctor Grayrock, the scientist, and going into a vaudeville show. See how proudly he carries himself, how straight and gray and slim, an old-world aristocrat; his wife is dead, his only son killed in a laboratory explosion last year. He comes here every week. See that girl, fair-haired, brave-faced, with bold chin tilting, swaggering with mannish stride beside that inferiority complex in the brown coat. She is going to marry him. Doesn't he look happy, grinning meekly, laughing. But one can hear the weariness in her laughter, self-hatred, bitterness. As well him as anyone she thinks. She is tired of standing behind an adding machine all day, and once, my friend, she was going to revolutionize the world with her painting. She was young then and not bitter. But come, let us go into this cafe and have a cup of coffee and perhaps some port. See that Chinese waiter approach us, silkily oriental, grinning, polite, "cup of coffee, good coffee and pie, no?" Cartooned, white-jacketed, silkily he moves away. Bland and fatuous is he not, simple, happy, innocuous; his arm blue-punctured with morphine needles. Give him morphine, he will be your friend for life. The police know and do not bother him, he creates no trouble, no one is ever robbed here. You are surprised. It is so roomy a place. The people, the patrons well-dressed. But look, see that girl sitting there alone at that enclosed table peering, well-dressed, pretty, why is she there and where does that door lead? But

(Continued on Page Six)

## STAR OF BETHLEHEM

Darkness had loosened her veil  
On the lands of the East,  
And over the wastes of the desert  
Over the wilderness barrens,  
Over the plains of Judea,  
The twilight had softly descended

When lo! In the emethyst sky—  
Which envelopes the earth  
Like a robe of imperial velvet,  
And bore at its tapestried girdle  
A cluster of radiant jewels—  
A signal appeared to the Wise Men!

Clear as a beacon it blazed,  
And the heavens about  
Were lit with a halo of splendour.  
"Oh, Star of the East," prayed the Magi,  
"Lead on!" and they followed . . . and found him,  
The Christ-Child, asleep in the manger.

### MEMORIES

Behind me now, those happy years I spent,  
Those glorious months of careless winter play,  
When books and skis were mingled in a day  
Of healthy fun. How little it all meant!  
Just at the time! And yet—and yet, how much!  
Those mountain peaks, how far away they seem;  
Those paths of sparkling white; that sunset gleam;  
Those lakes and trees; the moon's soft silver touch;  
I loved them all. God grant I come again  
To wander down those gleaming aisles of snow,  
When all the world is bathed in rainbow light;  
And slowly as I pass the winding glen,  
To see the mountains linger in the glow,  
Then softly fade into the starry night!

A. E. Johannsen

## A GHOST OF A MEAL

By Phil Mathams

To be thirty-five and unmarried is indeed a most unfortunate condition. Nevertheless it can be thought of as an asset when the Christmas season comes around, for life must be put into parties somehow. But to Dave Parker the merry season would not bring any added prestige. To him alone remained the unfortunate part of it all, and more than that, the season merely aggravated the fact.

Thirty miles from Adson in Northern Alberta and three miles from the nearest living human are not things to bring out the best in one's life. And Dave Parker had faced that.

The nearest living human being in the ordinary course of events, under such conditions, would have been a neighbour in the right sense of the word, but conditions were not in their ordinary course. Joe Hopkins, it is true, had been the best friend of Dave for the best part of twenty years. Had they not come over together? Did they not exist in the same manner, soil-scratching; live together in the same shack for fourteen years, baching it as happy as could be?

Yes, that had once been their lot but now they lived apart three miles, or perhaps it was more, for Joe had said that he would not be the nearest person to Dave, and the Huggards lived three miles the other way. The partnership had been broken, and all by a woman.

To visit Edmonton for the exhibition in July had been one of their an-

(Continued on Page Five)

## ORDER: Mammalia SPECIES: Homo pbls.

## SUB-SPECIES: Studentus Coll By R. L.

Ladies and Gentlemen! It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you this evening's speaker, the distinguished zoologist and professor at the Martian University, Dr. Theophrastus Piebald. I do not think there is any need for me to dwell at length on Dr. Piebald's contributions in the field of comparative inter-planetary zoology and the pioneer work he has done in the study of the newly discovered species of mammals on Earth which is known as Homo Piebaldensis in honour of our famous guest. He has returned recently from another successful expedition to the Earth, resulting in the discovery of a sub-species tentatively called Studentus Collegii. We have the great honor and privilege to hear from the discoverer himself about his marvellous find. I shall not therefore take up any more time in introducing the speaker for I am sure that we are all anxious to listen to the lecture. (Applause).

Dr. Piebald: Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen! You have in all probability seen some of the specimens of Homo Piebaldensis preserved in our museums. The sub-species I shall present to you tonight does not differ in any essentials from the afore-

(Continued on Page Six)

## OLEY'S MINE

By Odric H. Smith

Oley looked like no Swede on earth. He was a small, slight, wizened up, dark man, lame in his right leg the result of a logging accident. Once you heard him talk, however, there was no doubt about it. He was Swedish all through, and he chewed snuff, pronounced "snoos," after the Swedish manner, placing it between underlip and teeth, and sucking it. He must have been about forty-five years old at the time I knew him.

In his youth, Oley had been a prospector, and his head was still full of mines and fortunes, the old Eldorado urge that has been the inspiration of so many of his countrymen. At the time I speak of, he was a professional homesteader, the kind of man who files on a quarter section, clears and fences it in three years as required by law, and when at last the land is his, sells it and moves on and repeats the process. What Oley wanted was a cabin in which to hold a dance, with cool cellar under it where he could "set" his home-beer to ferment.

The quarter he had settled on was in north Saskatchewan, and lay half way between Nipawin and Prince Albert, about twenty miles north of the Saskatchewan River. The country was well wooded, but apart from bears, deer, and partridge, very sparsely inhabited. It was really poor land for farming, mostly sand and

(Continued on Page Six)

## TWO SONNETS

### OFFER

Trollus told Criseyde his love in white—  
Winged words, and Launcelot to Guenevere  
Made burnished speeches that would doubtless cheer  
The heart of any lady; by day and night  
(The old tale tells) would Aucassin indite  
High poetry to Nicolette and her  
Unequaled loveliness; for one short sight  
Of Iselt's lips what would not Tristram dare?

Those were gallant lovers lady, I  
Make no pretense to half-compete with them,  
I am not gallant and have no diadem  
Of scintillating words to testify  
This love . . . but, mayhap one little gem  
Of silence will make adequate reply.

### MOMENT

I shall not easily forget the way  
The wavering light made music on your hand  
Like wind awakening to song a spray  
Of moon-dim blossom in a fairy land.  
I think I shall not swiftly lay aside  
The proud, white curve of wrist and finger;  
These will when many other things have died  
Return to haunt the memory's dark chamber.

Is it not fitting that it should not die,  
This vagrant, isolate beauty only I,  
A poet, saw, and wondered could I dare  
Hold it in the crystal cup of poetry  
Or, would some high god frown who shaped it there  
In loneliness to sooth his own despair?

K. N. Cameron.



# McGill Daily

THE OLDEST COLLEGE DAILY IN CANADA  
Published every week-day during the college year  
at 690 Sherbrooke St. West. Telephone Lancaster  
7141; after 7 p.m. and Sundays, Lancaster 7143

Opinions expressed below are those of the  
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and not the official opinions of  
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Montreal, Friday, December 19, 1930.

## Merry Christmas

CHRISTMAS is here again; and, in strict confidence, many of us are perhaps looking forward to the rest and to the opportunity to catch up on back work rather than to the period of spiritual reflection and rejoicing for which this holiday is primarily intended. Indeed, spiritual reflection seems quite to have lost favor. The spirit of Christmas has gradually changed from dignified and thoughtful enjoyment to uproarious and indiscriminate celebration.

To many, Christmas is just another excuse for Grandma to indulge her strange taste in neck-ties and socks. To others it means a few more hours in bed. Still others are reminded of the first conception of Santa Claus in childhood, when there were unshattered illusions and Christmas really was Christmas, and old Saint Nicholas came down the chimney with his reindeer and left parcels in front of the fire plainly marked in his own handwriting, "To a Good Boy From Santy." Those days are gone forever.

A Christmas editorial is a poor place for moralizing, therefore we close with best wishes to our readers for a happy holiday season and the hope that they will recapture something of the spirit of the childish Christmas.

## New Year's Eve

ALREADY articles are beginning to appear in the newspapers concerning arrangements for the proper introduction of the New Year. Idiots here and there are loudly announcing their intention of spending "big money" on the festivities. Some particularly in the United States, make no secret of the fact that they intend to usher in the new year "blotto" or as much worse as possible. They even grant exclusive interviews as to the quantity, quality and price of their liquor.

Hotels have raised their rates. Prices have been boosted. Mr. S. Claus, B. Com., reigns supreme and his jurisdiction continues until after the last stroke of twelve on the thirty-first.

It is amazing to contemplate what otherwise sane people will do on New Year's Eve. While we are members neither of the W.C.T.U. nor the Prohibition League, at the same time we are rather revolted at the sight of several thousand drunks vomiting in unison on St. Catherine Street.

If there is one form of New Year's Eve entertainment more stupid than another it is perhaps the "Midnight Frolics" staged at the local theatres. We speak with feeling as innocent victims. However, if the public will throw its money away on New Year's Eve there seems to be no particular reason why the theatres should not take advantage of the largesse.

The object of this editorial is not to lay down rules for the proper observance of the passing of the year, but to intimate that we are not very much in sympathy with the forms of degeneracy now in popular favor. The welcoming of the new year has become a commercial enterprise in the big cities and the hand of Mammon has apparently brought with it no little amount of contamination.

An improvement on the present orgies is seen in the survival in small towns and country places of the old Scots custom of calling on the neighbours soon after midnight with a bottle of whiskey in one hand and an offering of food in the other. The gentlemen may wobble a little after the first dozen calls, but the spirit of the thing is rather better than what might be expected in a hotel.

We might suggest other quaint customs such as going to bed and leaving the new year to look after itself. But regardless of personal opinions on the subject of New Year celebration we would suggest, as an exercise in advanced criticism, that those who remain sober take a walk along

St. Catherine St. about midnight on the last day of the month.

## Reporters And Secretaries

AS the first issue of the Daily in the New Year will be published on the 7th of January, Tuesday night's staff are asked to consult the assignment book at one o'clock on January 6th. The secretaries of any clubs or societies who want meetings covered or advances written are asked to communicate with the News Editor before that date.

## THE AESTHETE IN POLITICS

By  
Ramsbottom Horseley Gandalac

Perhaps there is no art so difficult to cultivate in these latter days with all sorts of ugly Reds and Socialists blubbing and pulling and drooling into the bibs of decent citizens as the Art of Remaining Ignorant About Politics. A time there was when this accomplishment could be brought to a polished perfection, and when the artist could live peacefully in his garret with his crust and the mice while wars raged and laws were passed and cunning sharpers were elected to office. But that carefree season is past, and now have arisen a class who consider it their duty to poke their usually quite long noses into every burghers' affairs, lest he be too happy and content, and who consider it their right to thrust their hand into every clever man's pile and grab a share of the wealth they were too piteously incompetent to amass for themselves. This class, by methods none so powerful that they threaten to undermine the foundations of civilization and bind all men in chains so heavy that every spark of humanity and goodness must inevitably be crushed by the load of sordid money-grubbing unhappiness. Thus it is that the aesthete must begin to look in to the workings of that muckpile which in every country constitutes the political system, in order that these Reds or Socialists, or Communists, or whatever name they happen to use to disguise their envious inefficiency, may not become too powerful and lower the manners of every citizen to those of their own level of uncivilized brutality.

Let me explain my terms. A Socialist is a person who calls you an ignoramus if you are not a Socialist. A Socialist is a person who feels that he is superior by reason of his inferiority. A Socialist is a person who has got what he deserves and feels an envious grudge against his betters because they deserved and got more than he did. A Socialist is a person who gathers in mobs and shoots down his gifted fellow so that there will be nobody left nicer and more civilized than he is.

To the aesthete the first requisite in any era of God of man is that it be Nice. Revolutionaries are decidedly not Nice. If they were Nice, they wouldn't be revolutionaries. If one of their fellow-men is cleverer and nicer than they are, they call it Luck, and say Why shouldn't I have money too, then I would be Nice. So they gather in huge masses and descend upon the Nice and soon they are governing him. But the truth is, their minds were born ugly and ugly they will remain, and so all the niceness is destroyed, and soon a few of the ugly obtain power over all the others. Nice and Ugly, and the Ugly few govern then instead of the Nice few.

Which would you rather have?

Do you think that an ignorant factory worker has either the right or the ability to pass legal judgment upon a genius who has spent and dedicated his life to science, who has passed the years in sacrifice that his fellows after him might be the better able to control Nature? Do you think that an egotistic bigot has the right to be the final arbiter in matters of Art and Literature, those creatures of broad-mindedness and freedom? Yet these things do not go on only in Russia. The masses are everywhere by sheer weight forcing the competent to the ground and putting incompetents in their places. Instead of a decent aristocracy, brought up to govern, we have an obscene democracy, brought up to believe that they have the right to grab the wealth from the coffers of their betters.

All men are not born equal, and I see no reason why I should be given the same number of votes and live the same life as an uncivilized factory worker. If the factory worker has the ability, he will rise, and nothing will keep him down. If he does not rise, it is his own fault, and that does not entitle him to a share in my property. If he is a good factory worker, and can weave better cloth than his fellows, Salut! I admire him for it. But that does not entitle him to criticize my paintings or judge me in a court of law, any more than I am entitled to appoint myself foreman weaver because I can write good music. Every man must be kept in his place, and if I am better than another, I have a right to a higher place, and he has no right to overwhelm me by force of numbers and make a weaver of me too so that he won't have to envy me. If he is capable of higher things than weaving, he will rise higher. If he does not rise, I am very sorry. It is his own fault. The only fallacy I will admit in my system is that the weak do not always fall—that is, a man may be born to a position higher than he deserves. But why shouldn't a man be entitled to a position which was created for him by his father? Why should all struggle. A man may inherit intelligence from his father and rise to a high position, so why not inherit the position ready made?

All in all, the rise of the sordid democracy is the greatest danger in the world to-day. Instead of making only the incompetent suffer, it demands in inalienable selfishness that all suffer. No one with intelligence has ever been a Socialist; only repressed virgin intellectuals.

And anyway, who cares? Shoot 'em all while the shootings good, and then we at least who know how to enjoy life without being afraid that maybe next week we'll be turning over ashens and getting our food on ration tickets. P.S. Fortunately for the success of this little jabberwork, Socialists have no sense of humor. Incidentally, Socialism, you may be interested to know, is a form of Regression or reversion to the Womb, as it is commonly called by the psychologists. (Jung) The worker finds that he is too weak to face the facts of life, yet he knows that they can be faced because he sees

better men doing it. Therefore he creates a world of fantasy and lives in that. Thus he is under the delusion that the world owes him a living, and that it is unjust for better men to live better than he. This is all very well in other cases, this Regression, but the Socialist finds so many who feel the same way that eventually the Regressives far outnumber the mentally stronger Progressives, and by sophistry they even win a few of the weaker Progressive rearward. Then the Regressives are in a position to make their world of fantasy a real one. This they do not do, however—that is, they do not change conditions so that even they can adapt themselves to reality. Instead they merely overwhelm the Progressives by force and drag them down to their own level, so that they have the consolation of knowing that if they are unhappy, so is everyone else. Thus they are enabled to set up a defense mechanism, to hide their weakness, because they can say "I cannot adapt myself to life, but neither can anyone else, therefore I am as strong as any other man. This defense mechanism is sufficiently satisfactory to the psyche to enable them to retain their mental balance. That this is so is shown by the fact that in countries where the aristocracy is strong, Socialists and agitators are more often mentally unbalanced than in Socialist countries, if we except euphoric disturbances brought on by unaccustomed power in the hands of the proletarian bureaucrats.

## The Maniac

### IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

By Ramsbottom Horseley Gandalac

On the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence stands the quaint little town of Lachine, "the Athens of North America" as it is affectionately known to the inhabitants. On a bright, keen winter's day when the snowflakes sparkled like the eyes of the third blonde from the left in the front row when Major Pinkford holds up a \$23,572.53 bracelet and says he simply can't believe she rolls her stockings, a jolly roly-poly figure might be seen lying under a table in MacSnyder's Restaurant Heroin at all hours of the Day and Night Beer Garden in Rear Faro in Basement. Ask For Judy in Attle.

About 4:30 a.m. on that momentous morning a tiny toddler, a mere slip as far as his parent's were concerned, toddled up to F. Snodfield Overpopulous, second assistant snort-jerkier, and with loud cries prostrated himself before that astonished corpse (Overpopulous happening to be non compos mentis at the time) and wailed daddy daddy. You can imagine O's embarrassment when his wife Judy, who was pretty hopeful herself that way at the time, came downstairs to see the little slip of a thing, whom she had never seen before, doing the cop-Capone in front of her husband, who was dead from the neck down and had been born headless in the first place.

"Here you poor little slip," she ejaculated (that was her business) "Just what I've been looking for. And here I was going to make one out of Snodfield's nightshirt." And thus saying she shipped the slip on under her dress and was ready for the ball.

The reader can well imagine my embarrassment (for it was me) when I awoke to find myself in this situation, a mere slip of a thing, with this hulking giant towering over me with a cleaver in his hand. (That was a close one now, wasn't it?) I could see no avenue of escape, surrounded as I was by this wolf in Creep's clothing (Creep himself had long ago kicked over from an overdose of chloroform contracted in a self-service restaurant over the Player's Club, a saloon noted for the calibre of its bore).

"Say," I yammered, nonchalantly absorbing a mess of spaghetti. "They tell me Major Pinkford put over a fast one last Yom Kippur." But I am straying from my story. It is an old world habit, that. I learned it in Alaska, where the pies come from, spraying my jolly reindeer with Fly-Tox, my jolly red schnozzle gleaming through the darkness, a beacon to all who venture into those regions. "They tell me," I would effervesce as the spray flew, "that they don't have flies in the South in the winter time. That's why I wear overalls."

Anyway, there I was, lying under a table in MacSnyder's, when this tiny slip fell to the floor. Now those of you who have been lying under a table when a slip falls to the floor know the strange feeling which tingles up your spine like a louse falling down the back of your neck when you're all tied up with the blonde from the third table to the right as you go in to the University Tower Murray's. Anyhow, girls don't wear much nowadays, and neither do motor cars. Why I remember the old days when a car would wear so fast... Well, I am old now, and my mind wanders. But if ever you meet Judy Overpopulous, ask her if there is a Santa Claus. A dreamy look will come into her eyes as she replies in that meek gentle voice of hers: "None of your damn business. Get out and don't ask fool questions, you old masher. Just because I am a working girl doesn't mean that every man can insult me."

At any rate, there was Judy, obviously in need of a slip, and there was I, Santa Claus. What was I to do? All me instincts drove me to her aid. So I made my first slip.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### Red Russia Again

The Editor,  
McGill Daily,  
Dear Sir,

I would like to draw your attention to an article which appeared in the McGill Daily of Dec. 15th, under the heading of "Factory Literature." This article appeared to be an excerpt from some other university magazine or newspaper, "The Tar Heel," and I was exceedingly thankful that no McGill student was responsible for such an outrage. The misrepresentation of Russia was so gross and the exaggeration was so great that the article was simply a mass of biased propaganda against Russia.

The main argument that only manual labor is honored, that all professional men are looked upon with scorn, and that all literature and art is to be put under the supervision of "ignorant factory workers" are positively ridiculous misrepresentation. Mr. Knickerbocker, who is far from sym-

pathetic towards Russia, states in his articles in the "Star" that engineers and other professional men are at a premium in that country, and that they are all paid very highly. Furthermore, as for it being "a crime for good red Russians to seek medical attention..." It is a known fact that the Russian government is taking the greatest precautions for the physical well-being of its people, especially of the children.

As for the supervision of literature by factory workers, there is no necessity for such a step in Russia, since the great majority of Russian writers have been, and are, proletarian writers, interested in the life of the great mass of the people. In fact, strange as it may seem, the eminent writers mentioned by the author, such as Tolstoy, Tchekov, Gorki and many others, have been not only proletarian writers but revolutionary writers as well, all bent on the overthrow of Czarism.

And, finally, the "ignorant factory workers" are not as ignorant as they are painted by the author. Trotsky was one of them, Lenin was another, and so were the majority of Russian revolutionary leaders—men who are now acknowledged to be political geniuses.

I am very curious to find out where the author got his enlightening information on Russia; or perhaps it is the product of his own imagination!

Yours truly,  
M. A.

### Perhaps He Could?

The Editor,  
McGill Daily,  
Dear Sir,

The Bible Tells us that we are all born sinners and that by no means whatever can we evade the corroding actions of this, our inherited sin. Nowhere, however, does the Bible directly mention just what this sin is, and this fact coupled with a desire for fair-play has prompted me to pass years of my life in serious research. Until recently, however, I frankly admit I had found no solution.

Perseverance has rewarded my troubled thoughts, for as I read "ATCHEFF'S" account of the Musical Concert in Thursday's Daily, the answer revealed itself to me in its utter vileness. None other than the highly developed art of prudish criticism or the science of being able to find fault.

In writing this letter I don't claim exemption from the above mentioned class of bipeds for reasons already stated.

If F.'s criticism should never have been published in his account of the Concert, appearing as it did in story form featured on the front page. But rather, if such rot had to be published at all, on the second page reserved for personal opinions and editorial comment.

Refusing to comment on the Music, as such, Atcheff attacks the bearing and posture of the Musicians. We surmise, and quite justly if his recent story is to be accepted as an example of his knowledge of Music, that if F. is also of "amateurish tone" and that his "part in the evening's entertainment could have been improved."

Atcheff could possibly find fault with the Day of Judgement.

Sincerely,

"Just A. Nother"

Five scholarships for post-graduate work, valued at from \$400 to \$700 each, will be granted to the five boys and girls standing highest in the Junior grain judging competitions to be conducted at the world's grain exhibition and conference to be held in Regina, Canada, in 1932.

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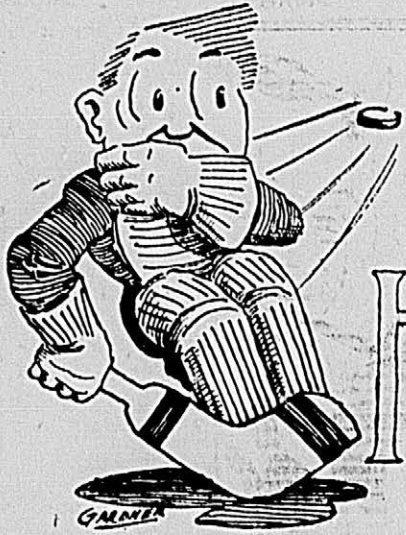
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# HOCKEY

WITH the year 1930 gradually drawing to a close, the activities of McGill's senior hockey squad during the past two months point towards a successful season. This year's edition of the Big Red Team is, with due respect to former teams, without a doubt one of the best yet to wear red and white colors. After great difficulty, McGill was admitted to the Q.A.I.A. Senior Group, and the team that was first considered the weakest, now heads the league.

McGill's success to date is due to several notable factors. Combination play has been the order throughout all past games, and distinct teamwork was witnessed. Coach Bobby Bell has whipped together a band of stickhandlers with plenty of experience and they are demonstrating that fact now. In all departments of the game they stand well balanced.

## Notable Team Balance

Powers still displays excellent net ability. McGillivray, McTeer and Crutchfield are reliable defencemen, while the two double-shifting forward lines composed of Farquharson, Ward Robertson and Farmer, McGill, Doherty can hold their own with the pick of amateur wing lines in local circles. Holle McHugh, junior goalie, is available as understudy to Powers, and with Manager Dick Webster and Trainer Harry Grimes the roster is complete.

Credit may very well be given to Coach Dr. Robert B. Bell, former McGill player, who is running the team in a manner that deeply incites the proverbial and much talked about spirit. That so-called sporting quality which is supposed to hover about the heads of the players is indeed quite evident, if one may concoct a philosophical entity of that kind.

(continued on page 5)



CAPTAIN GEORGE

## THE SPORT SPIEL

Two major and six minor intercollegiate championships have already been decided for the 1930-31 season, and one major and four minor titles are here at Old McGill. That is over 60 per cent. of the bacon. Seven sports are yet to be decided including hockey and basketball in the major categories, and of these well-formed dopesters concede red teams good chances in as many as six. As a matter of fact at the present time four of the trophies nestle 'neath the hill that is called Mount Royal; these are B. V. & F., Gymnastics, Hockey and Swimming. The ones which we can sanguinely hope to add are basketball and water polo.

The emphasis in hockey has undoubtedly shifted from the intercollegiate series to the Senior Group, through which McGill would challenge for the Allan Cup. The former used to be a four-team loop, but it is now a very interesting and exciting home-and-home series between old rivals, Toronto Varsity and McGill. What has made it openly admitted this year that the real series is the Quebec A.H.A. one is the fact that Bobby Bell's redmen have done so well in the first half of their 12-game regular schedule. Their record is four wins, a draw and a loss, or nine points and a two-point margin over the second place M.A.A.A. team. The best wishes of their growing band of supporters go with them in their American invasion at the New Year.



# RUGBY

## Young Leads 1931-ers

If crowns are only for conquerors, and laurels only for the leading, then McGill's 1930 football squad must go down in history as uncrowned, and unlaureled. However, such logic can be proven untrue, for while Captain Darcy Doherty, and his red shirted followers were relegated to the cellar position of the intercollegiate league, yet they conquered the hearts, and praises of Eastern Canadian football fans through their games displays.

Beginning the regular season with a one point victory over Westward Intermediate, and then losing 19-13 to R.M.C. criticism, and disapproval was hurled at the redmen from every quarter. A 11-1 trouncing at the hands of Varsity in the intercollegiate curtain raiser in Toronto did nothing to improve matters.

## Team Improved

Then the miracle happened, which again proved sports' fans sickle. Coach Forbes' underdogs gave Queen's a great run in the first game in Molson Stadium, dropped a tough battle in London, and then were unlucky to be tied by Varsity 7-7 played at McGill. The outstanding players on the McGill team during the season proved to

## RETIRING CAPTAIN



D'ARCY DOHERTY, who from the catching and running half position, led the senior rugby team in the colorful season just past.

lant twelve back onto the road to success.

## Praise for All

The rest of the squad did well, and no criticisms can be levelled at any one of them. Rather a good word must be their heritage. The graduation of Doherty, Granger, McTeer, and Russell from the team will leave big gaps, hard to fill. However, a great season for 1931 is being looked forward to with one of the greatest of Canadian footballers at the helm, Don Young.

## Chance For Seconds?

INTERMEDIATE football at McGill has degenerated to such an extent that there is no regular squad to represent the red and white. Some of eleven men turn out for the first and incidentally the last practice the night before the game and they are expected to stack up against aggregations who have gone through the heavy autumn grind and who are therefore in excellent condition.

Every contest witnesses a difference line-up in the red ranks and some times, the substitute seniors are drafted for the seconds. The game this year have been truly farcical (Continued on Page Five)

## SOCCER

### Soccer Title Here

INTERCOLLEGIATE championship and the inauguration of night soccer in Canada stand out as the high spots in the 1930 season of the McGill Association Football Team. Besides this the Redmen defeated a visiting team from West Point and captured a fair percentage of their exhibition games.

By virtue of their intercollegiate win the team brought back to McGill the trophy which had rested here for five

years until the U. of T. captured it last season. The Redmen had two hard games with R.M.C. and Toronto and richly deserve the honors which they have captured. In regard to the night soccer, it was unfortunately started too late in the season to attract popular attention on account of the cold prevailing in the evening.

### Many Men Graduate

The second team played several exhibition games during the season and uncovered some good possibilities for future eleveners. The interfaculty league was less successful than usual, due to lack of popular interest. The cham-

ampionship was claimed by Arts on goal average after a point tie with Science and Theology.



# BASKETBALL

## Seniors Look Strong

SHORTLY after the return of students from their Christmas holidays, the intercollegiate basketball schedule will get under way. It is always a difficult job trying to make forecasts, and to pick the probable winners of the intercollegiate basketball title is certainly not a cinch.

Queen's won the championship last year but several of their star men have graduated, and in recent exhibition matches the team has certainly not displayed championship form.

The Varsity team is not as good as the great outfit which represented the blue two years ago, and it does not seem as though they will be serious contenders for the title.

## All Departments Strong

The quality of the Western quintet is as yet unknown but last year's squad was no world-beater.

McGill is strong in all departments this year, and with the expected return of Don Young to his old position at centre, McGill will possess the team which will require the most watching.

The team, excluding the centre position is at present stronger than the squad which represented the Red and White last year. As far as real playing is concerned, the McGill team has shown that it possesses the goods notwithstanding the setbacks it has received in two pre-season exhibition games.

In each of the games the redmen were not outplayed except in the shooting department, where they have much room for improvement.

## Interclass Upsets

Class basketball this year has seen several upsets Arts '32, champs for two years met defeat at the hands of a hard-fighting Science freshman squad. Arts '31 last year's finalists were also defeated, this time by Science '33.

The schedule has not been completed, but the finals will be played shortly after the holidays. Following the completion of the class league, the interfaculty league will give the best of the class league men a chance to meet other men of good calibre, for the only way to improve is not to play continually with or against men of inferior ability but against men of equal or greater ability.

## City Leaguers Better

MCGILL enters its third year in Senior City League basketball and each year has thus far seen a distinct improvement in the red cage quintet. Last year the collegians often flashed to the fore, defeating some of the most formidable and veteran squads of the city.

Practices have been going on quite regularly and the form the seniors have been showing at recent practices and exhibitions seems well for the

future of the squad. Coach Van Wagner is spending a lot of time with the redmen, and the teams he has always produced have been of high standard. The coming year should be no exception.

## R. V. C. SPORTS

### Frosh Mermaids Loom

The annual R.V.C. swimming meet was held at the K. of C. tank on November 6th. The display was very fair though there was a decided lack of enthusiasm shown throughout the whole meet.

The sophomores won the most points but the first year gave them stiff opposition in the long plunge, won by Cynthia Bazin, and in the diving, Gwen Nicholson and Winnie Chisholm captured the lead in classes A and B respectively, with Marian Henderson and Ragnhild Tait as runners-up. Marian Henderson was conspicuous in the free style event and displayed good form in the diving. The relay was won by second year thought the fresh-

men gave a more polished display of swimming.

### Tennis Stars Stay

The tennis tournament this year caused considerable excitement owing to the large number of entries and keen competition that was shown. Winnie Chisholm and Betty Hines defeated Ruth Dow and Helga Tait in the doubles. The game was evenly matched and showed a very welcome spirit of sportsmanship throughout. The semi-finals of the singles were played off indoors owing to weather conditions, which Winnie Chisholm defeated Ragnhild Tait.

Next year's tennis season should be up in the air (Continued on Page Five)

# SWIMMING AND WATER-POLO



POLO CAPTAIN PHIL MATTHAMS

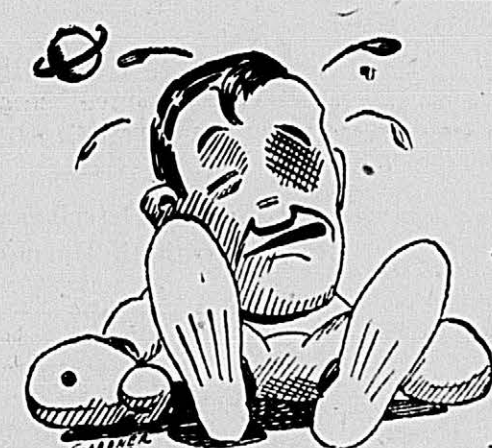
**Swimmers Travel**  
THAT portion of the swimming season which is in the first term is relatively small; only a few meets are held and these are mainly to stir up interest for the main season in February. Two meets were held in the fall this year: the Freshmen defeated the Sophomores in the annual meet between those two classes, and a McGill team bowed to M.A.A.A. by one point in a dual meet.

An ambitious program is planned for January and February. A relay team will compete in the 400 yard Canadian relay championship on January 23rd. A team of eight or nine will travel south to meet Brown, Amherst, and one other American college on the week-end of February 8th.

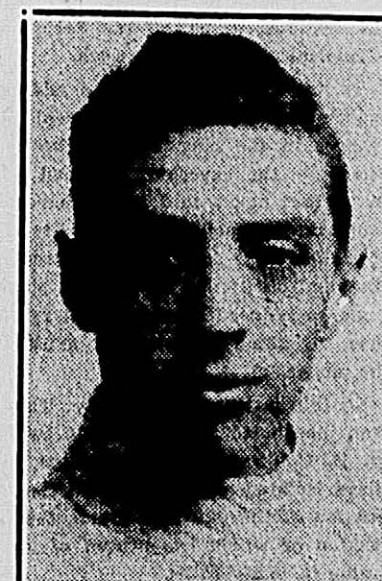
All these events only lead up to the (Continued on Page Five)



SWIMMING CAPTAIN MUNROE BOURNE



## FENCING EXPERT



HERB WIGGERS

## Boxing Gaps Filled

BOXING for 1931 is still a thing of the future as far as the actual make-up of the team that will defend last year's hard won laurels is concerned. However, up till the present two elimination tournaments have been carried out that have given Coach Bert Light a chance to appraise the ability of this year's competitors.

Only one graduation has seriously impaired the strength of the 1931 edition, and that is in the light heavy-weight division where Harry Boyce held sway. Of course Trudel's graduation also leaves a whole in the middleweight class, but McGill is fortunate this year in having several strong contenders in this weight Veltch, McLennan, and Robertson, who are returning to the ring.

## Porteous Looks Good

An influx of freshmen, and new

pugilists to the club has added the necessary stimulant so necessary to a sport of this kind, and several new names are likely soon to be blazoned on the sports' pages. The old guard have also improved and Captain Bud Porteous, intercollegiate 147 pound champion, started the ring fans last Saturday by his fine exhibition last Saturday against a freshman, Thomas.

Two trips for experience have been arranged for the boxers this year, one to New Hampshire, and the other to Ottawa. Condition is practically the only requisite now to success, and those in the know around the field house are most optimistic on the chances of the team this year, when the acid test will be applied in Toronto.

AT the present moment, the B.V. & F. title rests at McGill, the (Continued on Page Five)

# SKIING AND SNOW-SHOEING



**U.S. Trips Planned**  
MCGILL'S winter sports men are all down to hard training now and are out to try for the intercollegiate title with New Hampshire and Dartmouth Colleges.

Lars Ball, ski-jumping ace, not content to wait for the opening of the Cote des Neiges ski jump, is often seen

on Westmount mountain these days hurdling stumps, fences, and large boulders. Walter Dorken, the mainstay of the team in cross-country racing, is running around the mountain twice each night before going to bed, to get his wind in good shape. Hammy Bolton, red fancy skater, is practising his 3's and 8's constantly these days. Two newcomers to the ranks are John

Houghton and Ray Stote, promising looking skier and snow-shoer respectively.

## Lake Placid Meet

This coming New Year's, Lake Placid Club 1 holding an invitation intercollegiate winter sports meet, December 29th to January 2nd. The following men comprise the McGill team. (Continued on Page Six)

# TENNIS



## Court Stars Graduate

ONE of the outstanding athletic clubs at McGill this year has been the Tennis Club, winners of another intercollegiate title. Under the able leadership of Charlie Leslie, ranking Canadian star, and aided by

Wilson, McMartin, and Crain, the red and white racquetters swept to a decisive victory over Varsity, Queen's R.M.C., and University of Montreal.

While the victory was decisive, nevertheless it took a crack quartet of tennis players to make it so, with such a galaxy of stars as Sheppard,

Paradis, Hurtubise, Balfour, Robertson, and Noyes, as opposition.

## Made Tennis Popular

The intercollegiate matches were played on the tournament campus courts here, and no doubt the result of the tournament has been a further popularising of the great game as (Continued on Page Six)



Scarlet Key Men Choose Officials For Coming Year

Hamilton, Jost, Bowman, Seybold Gain Important Positions

APPLAUD DECISIONS

Audience at Banquet Hear Proposals For Projected Convention

Moyle Hall presented an animated scene last night as a capacity crowd flocked to see the first production of Somerset Maugham's "The Constant Wife."

The plot is ingenious, because instead of the old "Eternal Triangle," it centres around what might be termed a "Quadrangle" eternal or otherwise.

Wife Does Not Anger

However, instead of blaming John in any way, Constance treats the whole affair as being of no importance whatsoever, to his wilderment. During the ensuing year, Marie - Louise, John's mistress is taken away by her husband, who has been kept out of the affair in spite of his voluble suspicions.

She decides to go for a trip with her ex-lover, Bernard, and tells this to John, who immediately becomes highly incensed. What follows is obvious; she put up with his infidelity, so he has to put up with hers. Around this plot is woven sparkling dialogue, irony, sarcasm, and character-study, and it was apparent that the players and all connected with it have spared no pains to ensure its success.

The following players composed the cast:—Martin Allan, R. M. Stewart, E. E. F. Loyd, Jean Wallis, Doris Hedges, Constance Dawes, Marguerite Strathy, Alfred Dunn, and G. P. Hedges.

Program Includes Mozart Overture

Montreal Orchestra Gives Concert Sunday

Mozart's Overture to the "Marriage of Figaro" will open the concert to be given by the Montreal Orchestra this Sunday afternoon at three o'clock in the Orpheum Theatre.

The program for the concert contains four numbers, the last three being by two modern composers, Dvorak and Tschalkowsky. Mr. Douglas Clarke, the conductor, and Dean of the Faculty of Music, is anxious to see students attend these concerts, and hopes the holidays will give them a chance to do so.

The selections chosen for Sunday's concert are: Overture—Marriage of Figaro . . . Mozart Serenade for Springs Op. 48 . . . Tschalkowsky. Symphony No. 4 in G Minor Op. 88 . . . Dvorak Danse Cossaque . . . Tschalkowsky

LOST A brown leather pass case containing a railway pass was lost between the Arts Building and R.V.C. Finder please leave with Bill Gentleman, or mail to 352 Claremont Ave., Westmount.

West Not Antagonistic To East Says Bovey

Director of Extra-Mural Relations Gives Impressions

Declares "Reasoned Optimism" Keynote of Present Situation

"Far from being antagonistic to the East the men and women of the prairies view with wholehearted disfavor all attempts to arouse enmity between the two parts of the Dominion," declared Colonel Bovey in a lengthy interview yesterday.

During his trip Colonel Bovey travelled through the four western provinces, lecturing before the Canadian Clubs in western cities and investigating generally the conditions between the French and English elements in the West, and when questioned on his impressions he replied: "There will be many cheerful districts in Canada this coming Christmas, but probably the most cheerful of all will be the Peace River Country."

Outlook Bright

"Herman Trelle, 'The Wheat King,' told me that these settlers had every chance of success in the world. The country has certain definite advantages for farmers. The climate favors not only the cultivation of wheat, but is also very favorable for mixed farming. Herman Trelle himself attributes the success of the 'reward wheat' to two factors. In a cold climate the whole energy of the plant is devoted to assuring reproduction. Hence the remarkable yield of the reward wheat."

"The general attitude of the people in the four western provinces was one which I might describe as measured. The farther north I travelled away from that great beehive of industry, the United States with its present unemployment, stock depression, and troubles, the more remarkable was the spirit and determination in believing that everything would turn out all right in a short time."

Canada's Greatness Seen

"The farther I progressed the more it was impressed upon me that Canada has length as well as breadth, and that some of our most valuable and most fruitful possessions are as far north of the Canadian-American Border as Arizona is south of it."

Col. Bovey delivered 18 lectures in 19 days before the Canadian clubs and other groups in the west on the subjects of Quebec and the French-Canadians, and everywhere he found keen interest in the matter which he had to present. In most cases the audiences were ready to admit that they did not know much about conditions in Lower Canada, but in every case they were ready and enthusiastic to learn.

The work of the Canadian Club in sending out speakers to all parts of the Dominion was highly praised everywhere, and it was pointed out that these tours do a real service to many of the smaller clubs in the western parts of the country.

Few New Yorkers Praise Collegians

Five Out of Six Claim Students Are Loafers

NEW YORK, N.Y., Dec. 18.—(Special to McGill Daily).—According to a poll, the result of which was announced yesterday in the Spectator, undergraduate newspaper of Columbia University, the average college student spends six hours a day or less in his combined scholastic and extra-curricular activities.

Members of the Spectator staff took the poll by stopping scurrying New Yorkers in the midtown area a few days ago, and commenting on the results, the paper said that the results of the poll showed a decided leaning toward ignorance of college life.

Most of the estimates varied at about five or six hours per day, and while one elderly man conceded that some students might put in as much as 12 hours daily, he added, "I think that most of you students are just loafers."

Players' Club

Will all those who have expenses to collect for the Quebec trip please meet Dave Dunton in the Union between 1:30 and 2:30 today.

McGill Board Asks For Contributions

As the Christmas holidays are approaching, the board of the McGill Board ask that as many students as possible send in contributions for the next issue. The contributions in the form of articles, short stories, and poems, may be left at the Tuck Shop, or mailed to 690 Sherbrooke St. West.

Church Managed Early Students

Most of the students of the thirteenth century were under the control of the Church, said Rev. D. Chenu, at St. Sulpice Hall, in the course of his lecture on "University Life in the Middle Ages."

This lecture was the last of a series of three on this subject, by Father Chenu, who is a professor at Saulchoir Convent, in Belgium.

LITTLE SNOW LATELY

Observatory Reports Driest Weather on Record

This is the first time in the history of the Observatory that the district of Montreal has passed the middle of December with so little rain and snow. During the period beginning August 1st, there was only about half the normal precipitation. The total for rain and snow amounts to some 9.6 inches, whereas the normal should be in the vicinity of 16 inches.

The snowfall especially has been very light, less than the normal having been recorded last month, and only six inches in all this month. Last year nearly 26 inches had been recorded during the first 15 days of December.

It is expected that there will be little snow for some days while the thermometer will continue fairly high, as it was yesterday. The temperature reached then was about 32 degrees F. under the influence of bright sunshine.

Gland Functions Subject of Talk

Thomson Describes Use of Synthetic Hormones

Man's action is not wholly controlled by the nervous system, but the latter is aided and supplemented by certain glands which set free hormones in the blood stream to react upon other organs, according to Dr. D. L. Thomson of the Department of Biochemistry, in a lecture delivered to the local branch of the Society of Chemical Industry this week.

During the course of the address, which was upon "Some recent advances in the chemistry of the hormones," the speaker outlined the work that has been done on this most important branch of biochemistry. He described how ill-effects produced by the malfunctioning of certain glands may be reduced or obliterated by the use of gland extracts or synthetic hormones.

In this latter connection Dr. Thomson mentioned the work done by Dr. J. B. Collip and his associates who have isolated and synthesized the secretion of the placental gland, the injection of which has proved of great value in many cases.

Shaw Chosen as Topic By Maurice Colbourne

Maurice Colbourne, English actor and playwright who has appeared on the Montreal stage during several seasons has been secured to give an open lecture in Moyle Hall on the evening of January 2, his topic to be "My Friend, Bernard Shaw."

Unclaimed Letters

The Registrar would be glad if students or others who know the address of any of the names below would notify him within ten days of the posting of this list. After ten days all unclaimed letters will be returned to the Post Office as Dead Letters.

Bingham, G. Connelly, James, Davidson, George, Earle, Frank, Faulkner, D. Gillespie, Tommy, Hoffman Miss Marie, Hutton, C.F.W., Laureys, J. Henry, Malabee, Mrs. Monroe, Hector A. U. Nordman, J. Oakley, Jack, Pelletier, Dr. R. A. Slim, Miss Clara.

Key President Well-Known In College Circles

DOUG Hamilton, who has just been elected President of the Scarlet Key Society, is a Junior in Arts. He was a "B" member of the Society last year, and has taken part in many campus activities. Among other things, he rowed on the two '29 Dominion Championship Crews, and was vice-president of the Rowing Club last year, and is treasurer this year.

He is chairman of the Book Exchange Committee, and of the Papers Committee of the Chemical Industry Club. He has been a member of the Daily Staff for some time, and is now a special sports sub-editor in charge of one of the issues of the paper every week.

Violins Wanted For Orchestra

Will Accompany Choral Society in 'Pirates of Penzance'

NORRIS LEADS

To Conduct McGill's New Philharmonic Group For First Season

Although it is only a subsidiary of the Choral and Operatic Society this year, the McGill Philharmonic Orchestra expects to become a full-fledged member of the Musical Association next year, according to a statement issued by the executive of the society last night, after the first meeting of the orchestra. At the meeting, the program for the year was outlined, and the election of the secretary and librarian, Gwen Peden, was held.

"For the remainder of this session," continued the statement, "the orchestra will devote itself to aiding the Choral and Operatic Society in its production of 'The Pirates of Penzance' but next year it is expected that it will fill a long-left want in offering the same opportunity to the players of string instruments as the band now offers to those of brass. Being a full member of the Musical Association, it will take part in the annual concert, and, in all probability, will also have some function of its own."

Violins Needed

"In previous years, the lack of continuity, which is so necessary to an orchestra, was considered to furnish an insuperable obstacle, but its sponsors feel that their furnishing an opportunity to all players of string instruments will outweigh this disadvantage."

Last night scores were given out for "The Pirates of Penzance" which the orchestra, conducted by Harry Norris, will accompany; the first practice will be held in the Union Ball Room at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon. While all volunteers will be welcomed, violins are specially in demand, as the conductor wishes to start work with them as soon as possible.

Range of Incomes Shown by Report

Questionnaire Reveals Physicians Salaries Largest

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 18.—(Special to McGill Daily).—Physicians and lawyers command the greatest salaries, while foresters and teachers the least of all college graduates, states the report of the Federal Office of Education. The average salary rises from \$1802-\$2088-\$2919 from one to two to five years respectively after graduation.

It is found that surgeons top the list with average salaries of \$7792. These are followed by lawyers, bankers, business, and insurance men college instructors and foresters with \$2975. In the engineering group technical engineers are followed by mechanical, civil and electrical; their salaries ranging from \$1618 to \$3618.

Agriculture pays only \$3110 while clergymen and teachers receive less than this. Women students as instructors receive average sums varying from \$2257 to \$1723. It is hoped that the low salaries paid for educational work at present will improve shortly so that a higher class of teachers can be commanded for primary and high schools.

No More Lectures Until January 5th

Today is the last day of lectures this year in all faculties. Classes will commence again on Monday, January 5, 1931. The mid-semester examinations will be held during the week of January 12, and there will be no lectures until Friday, the 16th, when the second term begins.

Local Amateurs Achieve Success In Second Play

Montreal Repertory Theatre Present Somerset Maugham's "Constant Wife"

CAST CAPABLE

Large Crowd Fills Moyle Hall on Opening Night

In the first of a series of annual informal dinners the Scarlet Key Society embarked upon their new fiscal year. New members were welcomed and retiring ones were cheered on their way, while the officers for the coming period were elected. The meeting was well attended and all found the food excellent, showing enthusiasm in business transacted.

John Hutchins, the retiring president called the meeting to order at the end of the meal and asked for the reports of the various officers. The secretary read a letter from the Central Key Association which invited suggestions for a proposed convention. The treasurer announced an income of \$500, of which \$300 came from the Council and \$200 from the M.A.A.A.; against this was an expenditure of \$287.58 leaving a surplus of \$212.42. \$80 was spent on the banquet last night.

Key History Outlined

A few remarks were made by Hutchins who congratulated the new members on their chance to be elected to such a position. He then outlined the history of the Key. It originated at Dartmouth in the form of their 'Green Key'. So impressed was a McGill football team which visited there in 1925 that the following year they formed one here. The Scarlet Key, the Green Key, and the Red Key of Cornell from the Central Committee of New England and Canada which leads all other similar societies in America. Their object is to receive visitors with efficiency and courtesy. Hutchins then thanked his associates for the co-operation which they had given him during the past year and wished the new Key men good luck for their term in office.

From several nominations D. V. Hamilton was elected president by a comfortable majority. He took the chair, thanking the men for the honor which they had conferred on him, and promising that his best powers should be used for the Key. The election of the other officers then followed. G. B. Jost was elected vice-president, Bob Bowman, treasurer, and H. F. Seybold, secretary.

Convention Contemplated

Hamilton asked for general discussion. John Hutchins proposed, "That the Scarlet Key write to the Green Key at Dartmouth stating their accordance with any of their proposals, that next year be too soon for another convention, but that one should be held one year from next spring, and suggesting that the Scarlet Key are in a position to hold it here." General discussion followed and "Pinkie" McMaster, a former Key president, and Millard Astwood, the president of the students' Society gave their views on the subject which were favorable. On putting the motion to a vote the proposal was carried.

"R.M.C. Review" Shows Diversity

Contains Sketches, Sports News And Many Articles

The Christmas number of the "R.M.C. Review" contains perhaps a greater diversity of topics than any other edition published during the year. The conquest of both the Intercollegiate and the Dominion Intermediate Championships may be attributed in part to the keen competition between "Ach" and "Beer" (A and B Companies) Reviewing the Editor's Notes the number of ex-cadet marriages is observed to have increased, while the English used in exercises is said to show a decided improvement owing to the efforts of the English Department.

From a number of articles dealing with South African history with hunting and mineral exploration by airplane, one particular article on the Intelligence Service is chosen since it is of interest to McGill students. During the thirty-eight years of its existence the Canadian Commercial Intelligence Service has established thirty-three offices at strategic points on the globe.

The position of the Trade Commissioner is approaching consular prestige, while his functions not only include the fostering of exports, but also the development of the tourist trade and immigration. Since candidates must be University Graduates, the R.M.C. certificate being accepted, much interest has been aroused of late in this very interesting line of endeavor.

Golf Team Ends Successful Term Formulates Plans

BY comfortable margins over both Toronto and Queen's in the two days of play, Captain John Marler's McGill golf team of 81 members took the intercollegiate title from the blue and white last October 17th and 18th at the Mount Bruno course. Two-somes and three-ball sixsomes made up the program.

Tentative plans for next year call for the inclusion of several more teams. In the competition, such as R.M.C. and Western U. in which case eastern and western section eliminations will be conducted. John Marler was re-elected captain, but the team will probably be without Howard Webster, an important member of the championship sextet.

Works of Barker Have Large Sale

Many Copies Taken by First Year Students

POET SATISFIED

Co-Operation of Dr. MacMillan Makes Possible New Success

Yesterday sales of Harry Barker's second series of "Simple Rhymes for Simple Folk" jumped considerably, a special campaign after the freshman English class almost doubling the total. The poet himself was on the scene, and seemed to be satisfied with the response. The whole-hearted co-operation of Dr. Cyrus MacMillan made the success possible.

A letter was received from the secretary to Lord Willington acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the poems, which His Excellency "had read with interest". Other copies of the book were sent to Sir Arthur Currie, Chancellor E. W. Beatty, Mr. A. F. S. Glasco, Dean Ira A. Mackay, Dean C. F. Martin, and Mr. MacFarlane, superintendent of the Power House. Two copies were donated to the Redpath Library.

Sell Most In Arts

General results reveal the fact that, with no immediate rivals, the Arts Building has produced the largest number of H.B. devotees. The Union Tuck Shop has the largest total, with the R.V.C. the Medical, Biological and Engineering buildings and the Montreal Book Room following behind. During the holidays, they may be gotten at the Book Room. When the second term begins the sale will be resumed in all the buildings. The committee is of the opinion that ample opportunity has not been given to students who desire copies to obtain them, so that copies will probably be kept in the different centres for the first few weeks in the new year.

Among the advertising effects employed in the different buildings, the one created by the janitor in the Biological Building is judged to be the most original. A dog is represented in a variety of colored chalk, with the words "Buy Barker's Poems" issuing from his jaws. Posters, on which are pasted the covers of the book and which designate Harry Barker as "McGill's Own Poet" were placed in all strategic places on the day of the appearance of the volume.

While receipts have not reached the profit level yet, Harry Barker himself and the committee believe that, after the holidays, sufficient interest will be taken in the sale of the poems of the "Janitorial Poet Laureate" to make the project financially a successful one.

English Students Seek Education

Few Diploma-Hunters, States Cecil Jane

Another comparison has been made between English and American students, this time by a professor at the University of Pennsylvania, reports the undergraduate newspaper of that institution. Cecil Jane, former history professor at the University College of Wales, is quoted as saying that English students generally attend the university with a strong desire to get an education and not merely to obtain a diploma in the most expeditious manner.

The article continues: "The English universities do not pull their students through by limiting cuts and encouraging them with exemption privileges; they are entirely impersonal toward the students. On the other hand, a student at an English university spends six months of every year having a vacation. The remainder of the year is spent attending lectures, but the student does no more work than he cares to."

HOLIDAY Gossip By R. I. C. P.

The Christmas vacation may be a change and a rest for some students but for many others it will be only the calm before the storm of miscellaneous exams in January. Those who are unfortunate enough to be taking half courses do not relish the thought of enduring the examination ordeal twice a year. Vacation for them means hard work.

Others are anticipating a round of social engagements to break the routine which they have been following for the past few months. Many house parties have been planned for the holiday season, the Laurentians being the favored resort. With a little more snow, winter sports ought to feature on the program.

College spirit won't be entirely absent during the vacation; there should be more than the usual supply at the second annual Engineers' Frolic in the Union on New Year's Eve. When the Plumbers decide to throw a party they don't mean maybe! The Science grads of '26 will be in action again the same night on the occasion of their yearly reunion in Victoria Hall.

Two McGill teams at least are to spend part of the next fortnight on the other side of the international border. The Senior Hockey Team is to engage in a match with Harvard on New Year's Day with the possibility of other games on American soil. The Winter Outing Club is selecting a squad of skiers, snow-shoers and skaters to compete at the meet at Lake Placid.

For the next few days many McGill boys and girls give their addresses at down-town departmental stores where they may be found helping the weary shopper to solve the eternal Christmas problem. All who are willing have not been able to find position this year and consequently they find they have to restrict their usual number of holiday festivities to their declining financial resources.

Several students laid claim to an extra twenty-four hours by leaving town last evening for their various homes. Perhaps no one is really serious about studies on the final day of the term. January the fifth and lectures seem to be a long time away now, but the period is so well occupied in various pursuits that it seems only like a long week-end when it is all over.

We hope that those whose homes are too far away to be reached in time for Christmas will find the hospitality of students resident in Montreal to be both extensive and cordial. Canada's cosmopolitan metropolis contains within itself a big heart as well as a large population.

Calendar Reform Plans Advocated

Various Schemes Are Developed For Proposed Change

A great deal has been heard of late about the necessity of reforming the present-day calendar, which, as is well known, is entirely too slipshod to be efficient as a regulator of affairs. With a view to such a reform, several schemes have been proposed, among others the so-called International Fixed Calendar, and the World Calendar.

The International Calendar proposes a thirteen month year, with every day fixed as a certain date. It is open to the objection that book-keeping and matters financial would be inconvenienced by the drastic changes of this scheme.

The World Calendar has only twelve months, these being of various lengths as at present. Leap Year's extra day is put in at the end of June, while another extra day is put at the end of December to make the 365th day, independent of the number of days in the week; since reckoning from the days in the week and the weeks in the year, the number of days to the year is 364.

The advocates of the latter system have as their chief argument the fact that the months are not all of the same length and that only seven dates are changed to make the new system. Meanwhile the calendar remains as it was in former days, with Easter falling on almost any date from the beginning of March to the end of April.

Traquair To Lecture

Professor Traquair of the School of Architecture will give a lecture to the Antiquarian and Numismatic Society of Montreal in the Chateau de Ramsay tonight at 8:15 o'clock. The subject will be "Church Carving and Carvers in the Province of Quebec." This is the annual meeting of the society in addition to its being a regular monthly one.



## A Ghost of a Meal

(Continued from Page One)

usual pilgrimages together. This year had not left the memories that the others had. Joe had found a comely widow who kept an eating house and had made his place in her life fairly secure, as he thought. Dave had not been unaffected by the widow's ways and had shared her good graces equally with Joe, but unknown to him. It was when Joe met the two of them at the midway at the Exhibition that the trouble started.

They had fought there and then, and the first time that they had not shared the same room together was when they were placed in adjoining cells on 27th Avenue. From that time the wound had never closed and the woman was a part of neither's household. Her eating house would continue to bring in a tidy income as long as she had her widow's ways.

Joe had moved away and built himself a new shack. If they ever met, perchance at the store some ten miles off, the one would keep out until the other was through, and enter only by the other door. If it was unfortunate that they met at a dance the odds were greatly for a fight. A ring for either on the party line phone would cause the one to butt in and heap abuses on the other, irrespective of whom was speaking at the other end.

The huggards knew them both well and had previously had them over for Christmas Day, but this year they were afraid to invite either one of them and to invite both would be courting disaster. So both of them were doomed to have their Christmas by themselves, and all the while being consumed by a bitter hatred. This hatred had been all the more inflamed by the bumping of Dave into Joe's partner at the seasonable dance a few days before. Joe had sworn that he would kill Dave.

Dave had made the best of things and had decided to have a Christmas all of his own. He had been the cooking partner of the former pair and, perhaps spurred on by envy, he had excelled himself in the good things he had prepared for himself. The other fellow would have to get on the best he could.

The big problem for him had been the roast. The little turkeys had been neglected and consequently died. Chicken did not appeal to him. And beef, well, he was tired of hacking it off with an axe from the side that hung in the outhouse. Other folk had sold their turkeys to town before he had spoken for one. Yet he was determined, in his spite, that the reports of his Christmas dinner were going to make Joe turn grey with envy.

This had been a week before Christmas and an idea conjured up from an over-excited brain had proved a god-send. Hitching up to the sleigh he had travelled two days to the brush on the foothills. Here his rifle and a neighbour's dogs had brought a moose within thirty-six hours. The fact of the close season had added more zest to his kill. Glowing with mutual admiration he returned to his shack on Christmas Eve.

Too tired for further preparation of the next day he slung the haunches and carcass on to the roof. A crisp biting snow would have made the task of preparation more difficult. The same snow and wind had carried away the harshness of the epithets that were hurled across the intervening hundred yards as Dave passed Joe's shack on his way home. The noise of the sleigh had caused Joe to come to the door and he shook a threatening fist as he recognized the driver of the sleigh.

Sleep did not come easily if it came

at all to Dave that night. The excitement of a moral victory kept his nerves in a state of tingling, and the spite and envy conjured up all manner of things and ways in which Joe would not enjoy himself on the next day. If the angels had sung "Peace and good-will toward men" years ago, they would have had one conscientious objector to the chorus this year.

It might have been that the fire had gone very low and that the room was uncomfortably cold that made Dave realize where he was again. The snow had stopped blowing and there was a trace of a moon trying to show through the clouds. Burrrrr, it was abominable to have to get out of bed to make that fire up thought Dave. He should have made it up better before rolling in.

Then he heard The Noise. Crink, crimp! Crink, crimp!! Whatever could that be? Forgetting that the fire was low and that he was getting colder, he lay and listened to the noise. Unmistakenly, it came again. Crink, crimp! Crink, crimp!! It was not the cold that made Dave's hair stand up a bit. The whole shack seemed to echo the noise more and more. Crink, crimp! Crink, crimp!! It came again.

He shouted out aimlessly, but most of all to give himself courage. The noise stopped. Hearing his own voice made him more sure of himself and Dave got up and made the fire so that the glow could be felt even in bed. Settling down again he prepared for sleep, but that did not come, for a quietness settled down to just his breathing, the noise came again. Crink, crimp!!!

Up he got, and pulled on his clothes. Some of his stock must be straying about and that would never do. Of course he should have known that the noise came because something was moving about in the snow. All foot-steps made that noise in crisp snow.

From the door he could see nothing that moved. He must go over to the barn and find out. The snow was unmarked. Over in the barn he found everything as it should be. He stopped as he came back and listened for the noise. Nothing could be heard. The blustering of the evening had brought behind it an equally quiet night.

Once again in bed Dave made to go to sleep. As quietness came once more, so came that noise. Crink, crimp! It persisted. Crink, crimp!! Again he shouted. The noise stopped only to be renewed soon. Crink, crimp!!!

This time he would search everywhere around the shack and barn. Dave found nothing but his own track. Not a sign of anything having moved except himself. Back again he went to the shack. Stoked at the fire viciously and sat down on the bed.

His mind was getting turned by this ghost noise. It haunted him. His voice merely allayed it for awhile. Then came the thought. It was Joe. It was Joe, snooping around trying to catch him unawares and then finish him off as he had threatened to do. That tantalizing last evening had just about brought things to a head.

Rifle in hand Dave set out circling the shack. In ever widening circles he surveyed the ground round about until he had covered a radius of fifty yards. That noise could not have carried more than that. Yet Dave found no tracks. Nothing to show that anyone had even approached the shack, let alone be right outside.

Incensed by the failure of his searching he returned once more to keep vigil. The noise was only when he was in the shack; outside he heard nothing at all. Back it came again. Crink, crimp!!!! Fear had now taken

full possession of him. Had he had a partner with him it might not have been so bad, but he was alone. That man, that Joe, had been his once. It was that Joe who was at the bottom of this. Spite became uppermost and no other thought could find place in Dave's mind than that it was Joe after him.

Going to the door with his rifle, he opened it and called out "Joe, if you come near me I'll do you in." Some hallucination of a shadow seemed to appear some yards away and he fired. Running to the spot Dave found nothing. He fired repeatedly in the air and cursed Joe such as he had never done before.

Determination filled him and running back to the shack he stuffed some more cartridges into his pockets and set out to Joe's shack.

Carefully scanning every foot of the way, with never a track or sign, he came to the outskirts of Joe's place. Stealthily he manoeuvred all around the shack. The snow was trackless. No one had come outside since it had stopped snowing. There was no wind strong enough to cover up, and even then there would have been some impression.

D'sconsolate Dave made his way back to his own shack. He might have been able to sleep on his return for he had not heard the noise since he had been out. But the east was palling with the dawn and chores would soon have to be done.

Inside Dave made ready by preparing the fire and added another spoonful or so of coffee to the overboiling pot on the stove. He sat down with some feeling of freedom for the noise did not occur. A mug of coffee and out to do the barn chores.

But for safety's sake one more look round the place. The morning light had strengthened and visibility was improving with each minute. The look around brought Dave to the rear of the shack and he looked up to the moose meat on the roof. He could not remember exactly how he placed it but it looked pulled about. Climbing up a bit he caught sight of marks in the snow, and the meat on the exposed surfaces did not show the marks of the clean cuts of his hunting knife.

He marked where the tracks terminated at the edge of the roof and went to the ground below. The tracks reappeared and he followed them away over the pasture into the brush. There were no tracks going up to the shack.

In the brush he turned suddenly, as a slight noise attracted his attention. He was just in time to catch sight of a well filled coyote bolt for cover.

He had no rifle or the ghost would have been laid.

## SWIMMING And WATER-POLO

(Continued from Page Three)

main meet of the year, the intercollegiate championships on February 27th in Toronto. As several strong swimmers, notably Wiggers, Drophay and Stein, and Griffiths, a diver, have been added to the team McGill is rather favored to take the championship.

It is possible that the meet may be held in the new swimming pool at Queen's this year to mark its opening. If such is not the case, an exhibition meet may be held in Kingston instead.

Interfaculty swimming will have its place on the schedule also with a junior meet on February 6th, while the seniors are in the States, and the first open interfaculty meet since the war on February 12th.

## B. W. And F.

(Continued from Page Three)

climax of a hard seven year quest. With the reduction of fencing from three to one points, the chances of holding the championship rest mainly with the wrestlers and boxers.

The grappling squad has improved perceptibly over last year. In the three meets already contested, the McGill matmen have come to the fore, winning one, tying one, and losing the last. Practices have been well-attended, and the spirit shown at work-outs augurs well for McGill's chances of keeping the Gibson Memorial Cup.

## HOCKEY

(Continued from Page Three)

Coch Bell is alternating his forwards from time to time, watches and directs from the bench, and his little tails to the boys in the dressing room can only make them feel that they are representing a college worthy to be represented. If ever a squad is playing for the game's sake and their university at the same time, this year's McGill team is. The spirit of amateurism is there intact.

The support of the student body is behind the squad. The McGill players are a great aggregation to watch, and with advent of 1931, a bright future is in store for them. During the holidays, an exhibition game between McGill and Harvard in Buffalo has been arranged, and then in January, the home and home games with Toronto Varsity for the intercollegiate title, which McGill now holds, will take place. Chances for a play-off berth in the Q.A.H.A. look rosy, and who can tell—the much-sought for Allan Cup, emblematic of Dominion honors may come to McGill this year.

## Class League Starts

Nearly every class will be represented in the interclass hockey league this winter, and the outdoor game will have its usual large number of participants. Several of the squads have already found their ice legs, but many others will work out during the holidays. The serious part of the schedule will commence immediately after the holidays.

## BOWEN'S Restaurants

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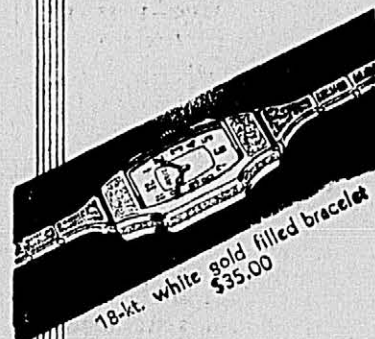
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Thirty-five Dollars is the price many young men set for their gift watches. Recognizing this, Birks offer three smart models at this popular figure.



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## RUGBY

(Continued from Page Three)

with McGill not standing the ghost of a chance of coming out on top. It is hoped that next year all these grievances will be remedied and that McGill, like other sister universities will be represented by a strong and capable outfit.

## Junior Experiment

It can be safely said that McGill football authorities have been extremely successful in their experiment with the Junior football aggregation. Emulating the universities across the border the junior gridmen were chosen entirely from the ranks of the freshmen this year.

The juniors made a clean sweep of their schedule in the province and carried off the sectional title in fine style. Unfortunately, Varsity fourths for the second time proved a stumbling block to the redmen, but unlike last year it was mainly the breaks of the game that ousted the McGillians from bringing home the bacon.

If the experiment is carried on next year the whole junior squad will have graduated to intermediate ranks and both the seconds and the incoming freshman team should give a good accounting of themselves.

## Real Rugger Team

SIX wins, one draw, and one loss, the intercollegiate championship for the fourth successive time, and a tie for the MacTier Cup eliminations in Montreal formed part of the McGill English Rugby Fifteen's 1930 record.

No play-off with M.A.A.A. was carried through, as the college team fore-

## R.V.C. SPORTS

(Continued from Page Three)

prove interesting as most of those in the semi-finals and the finals will still be at college and more material will come from the Freshmen of that year.

## Cagers Successful

Both the senior and the junior basketball teams of R.V.C. have come out on the top end of the scores of the three contests played this season. Arrangements for the intercollegiate games are not yet completed but they are expected to be staged at Kingston at the end of February. Several new players are valuable members of the basketball squads and are giving excellent account of themselves alongside of the older members.

## R.V.C. Hockey

THE use of the Forum this year has enabled the R.V.C. hockey team aspirants to get in some practice at an earlier date than usual. The early start is expected to put the players in good condition for the more strenuous season which follows later on in the winter.

Negotiations with Queen's and Varsity are now under way and may give

went its rights in order to make a goodwill tour of Maritime universities the week-end of Thanksgiving. Both hosts fell before the invasion, Mount Allison on Saturday by 9 to 3, and University of New Brunswick on the holiday by 5 to 3, and the red and white players returned to lay away their uniforms for another year.

also to several hotly-contested games if plans prove mutually satisfactory.

## "Bethlehem: The House of Bread"

A Nativity Play by Stella M. Bainbridge in St. Columba's Parish Hall (Hingston and Notre Dame de Grace Avenues) DECEMBER 29TH AND 30TH. 8.15 P.M. Tickets: Adults 50c, Children 25c. Apply: DEAN'S OFFICE, Engineering Bldg.

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SECOND ANNUAL

## Engineers' Frolic New Year's Eve.

McGILL UNION

Rusty Davis' Orchestra with Bram Rose

Tickets Now On Sale For All Faculties

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Watch that wing man go

Swifter, smoother, and easier than ever before. What's helping him? Spalding Hockey Equipment! Of course! Spalding Hockey Skates are light on his feet and yet they are sturdy enough to stand the hard usage he gives them. Spalding Hockey Sticks are light and easy to handle. Spalding Hockey Uniforms fit comfortably. They do not hinder him but help him to accelerate his movements if necessary.

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## This is Dad — —

and this is the way he looked as he entered Simpson's Store for Men.

Pretty glum! Less than a week till Christmas... not a present bought... furthermore not an idea what to get!

Something for his wife — and for his sister Mary back home—those were his worries

Well — to make a long story short, he found a Holly Girl who suggested just the right gifts, helped him buy them, even wrapped them attractively.

We'd draw a picture of Dad as he left Simpson's—only there isn't room to show all the smiles that wreathed his face.

THE SIMPSON MONTREAL LIMITED

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## Oley's Mine

(Continued from Page One)

muskeg, but nobody could tell Oley that.

The few other farmers around, who had the pick of the land, were interested in a mildly amused at his efforts, and cheerfully pointed out the poorness of his location. "You'll never grow anything in that sand heap," they claimed, but these discouraging remarks only made Oley more determined to make a farm out of his almost barren hundred and sixty acres.

The railroad came the first summer he was on it, and this of course, made the little man very happy, and even more obstinate in his determination to have a farm. It passed very near, and the siding, station, and town site were right on his land.

"Ay ban goin' to open a pool hall and barber shop this winter," he enthused, "visions of prospective wealth filling his mind."

Then came the forest fire. We of the engineers saw it first, as we returned from another search for gravel for ballast. It was five miles to the south of us when we first saw the heavy clouds of white smoke, but by the time we had covered the three miles north to our camp and the line, it was almost on our heels, hurried along by a strong, hot south wind. Half a mile behind us, a wall of flame thirty feet high and a half a mile long, crowned by billowing clouds of dense white smoke.

When we arrived in camp, we found Oley there, fairly hopping about in his excitement. He shouted incoherently, swore in mingled English and Swedish. Remaining in one spot was soon too much for him, so, with all his worldly possessions on his back, axe, tent, shovel, bedding, pots and pans he started back, and fell feverishly to cutting trees in the path of the approaching destruction while we hastily tore down our camp, and piled it on a little Ford truck. He was a splendid axeman, but a hundred men couldn't have beaten that fire, and with sparks falling about him, and eyebrows singed, he rejoined us, and assisted in executing a skillfully planned back fire, which was quite successful in halting the main blaze. But alas, too late, as far as he was concerned. His fine timber was destroyed, and the six inches of rich humus that covered his sand all burnt off.

Even after this misfortune, he still persisted in his efforts to clear his land. Every day, from sunrise to sunset, the flatly rolling sandhills resounded to the ring of his axe. To his neighbours, he seemed crazier than ever.

"You damn crazy Swede, you'll starve this winter as sure as fate. You better get out while the getting's good," said old Dave Snelgrove. Dave was the oldest settler in the country, and farmed the good high land next to Oley. He was looked on as a man of means, and was reputed to have eight hundred dollars in the bank but was accused by some of his neighbours of being a bit grasping. These admonitions had no effect on Oley.

One day, as the little Swede was returning home, he met Dave, with a shovel over his shoulder.

"Listen here, Oley," the latter commanded, "you can never make anything of this desert. I can use the timber off that hill over yonder. I'll give you a hundred bucks for that twenty acre stretch."

Oley was astonished, to say the least, and turning round, he looked the hill over. It was nice enough timber, fire-killed and dry, but no better than some on Snelgrove's land.

"Ay don't think Ay sell him yet," he declared. "Wann I get the farm cleared, denn I sell."

"O.K. Mister, but think it over when you get hungry this winter."

Going home, Oley was sorely puzzled. Why did that old "son of a gun" want that particular hill? Finally he decided that if Dave wanted it, it must be worth while, so if he kept it, it might do him some good.

As winter approached, Oley began to get worried. His potatoes, planted too deep in the sand, had come to nothing. The Pas Lumber Company had not established their usual winter camp nearby. Altogether, he was down, and pretty nearly out. Twice again he had refused old Dave's offer. Sometimes he almost made up his mind to accept, but always his bulldog nature came to the rescue. He decided he never did, never could,

## Red &amp; White Revue Notes

## CHORUS APPLICATIONS

The lists for chorus positions are now closed. Any further applications for admission must be made to the Producer. He may be seen in the Revue Office for this purpose between 4 and 5 p.m. on Monday, January 5th, 1931 or by appointment.

## THEME COMMITTEE

The Theme Committee will meet with the Producer in the Union Grill Room at 1 p.m. today. The following are asked to be present:—Call, Duntion, Goodman, King, and Parrish.

like that prosperous old shiner, anyway.

One night, as he sat alone in his tight little cabin and figured things out for the hundredth time, a great storm blew up the first one of many in the months to come. He listened to the crash of falling timber and felt sadder than ever.

"She sure is wann hall of a life, by Gar," he decided. "There goes that old hollow tamarack," this as a crash louder than usual echoed through the dark.

Next morning, he was up and about early to see what damage the storm had done. Sure enough, the tall old tree that had crowned the hill Dave wanted to buy was down. In falling its roots had torn up a piece of the topsoil twenty feet across. Oley gazed into the hole mournfully, rather as though he expected soon to occupy just such a one. Suddenly he galvanized into action, his eyes fairly bulged out of his head.

"So that's the why the old crook wanted my hill," he exclaimed, and turning, he hobbled back to his shack as fast as his lame legs would carry him. Seizing his shovel, he hurried over to our camp, and borrowed a pick and a hundred foot tape. "Ay ban goin' to dig a well," he explained, rather lamely, I thought.

Back at his hill, he set to work on the hard ground with pick and shovel. He dug holes here, and he dug holes there. An onlooker would have declared him quite crazy, but it soon appeared he was digging them at intervals around the hill. As he climbed out of the last hole, he threw his old hat on the ground, and leaping as high in the air as he could, he came down on the battered relic first, and shouted at the top of his voice.

"Holy Yumping Yesus, I gotta mine at last." As fast as he could he made for our camp and stumping into the boss' office tent warmed himself at the red hot stove.

"You wanna buy my mine?" he enquired casually.

"Do I look that crazy?" enquired the boss, justly enough, for we were all acquainted with Oley's past.

"I gotta good gravel mine to sell," he explained simply.

"What, Gravel?" exploded the boss. "And right under our noses. Sit down, Mister and let's talk business."

The upshot of it all was that the C.P.R. bought his entire quarter, and took out over two hundred thousand yards of splendid ballast gravel. Oley got a trip home, but I would like to bet he's out somewhere in this country now, on another homestead.

## GLIMMERICK'S

(Continued from Page One) And remarked, "When they wake They'll be certain to make a fuss if the team hasn't scored."

Lotta Nitwitz. The only weakness here lies in the connection between the fourth and fifth lines, where sense seems to be on the point of breaking in and ruining the whole poem. If, however, the beauty of the first three lines is fully realized, this slight blemish can hardly be allowed to spoil our enjoyment.

Next we have a rather less perfect example, chosen from the works of the English litterateur, Hugh Bowen—Heads who has only recently thrown in his lot with the Glimmerick makers. It was composed during a short stay at the venerable capital of Lower Canada.

Glimmerick II There was an old boy of Quebec Poured a bottle of cream down his neck; Then he swallowed some nails, Put his feet into palls

And galloped the length of the deck. Hugh Bowen—Heads

This poem, however, betrays everywhere the hand of the amateur, and is far too logical to satisfy the purist members of the group. One of them, that stupendous virtuoso Gotthold Vim, has left us these engaging lines.

## Glimmerick III

There was a fat fellow called Blinks Who was chased by a herd of mad minks.

Although quite unharmed, He became much alarmed And bought about four hockey-rinks.

## Gotthold Vim

It would be hard to improve on this, so far as sheer technique is concerned. Thought, image, expression, all are one—and yet nothing. And the employment made of the usually commonplace "about" in the last line is beyond praise.

Altogether, a great future may safely be predicted for the Glimmerick movement, with exponents such as these. But the roll is far from complete. There are, in addition to the writers already mentioned, such outstanding men and women of the younger generation as the Americans Wat Litz and Abe Luminas, the Poles Duyuski and Serge Koet, the Russian U. Pudloff, and the Belgian Paul Katz, not to include the promising French girl Marie Miplise, and the Italian O. Gino.

How long is it to be before Canada will take her rightful place in the world of letters? There can be no question that our rapidly developing geniuses, when they once adopt the form of the Glimmerick, will give it a contour as distinctly Canadian as the Rocky Mountains, naturalize it among us as it has been naturalized among the Germans. But who will break the ice? This brief sketch has been penned, through the co-operation of Oya Jitsin in the hope that it may stir some as yet inarticulate poet to write Canadian Glimmericks—Glimmericks that shall reflect our life and our national character.

Arthur N. E. More.

## SKIING And SNOW-SHOEING

(Continued from Page Three)

Skiing: W. Ball, W. Dorken, J. Houghton, G. Jost; Snow-shoeing: H. Stote. Fancy skating: H. Bolton.

The official intercollegiate meet will be held February 6 and 7 at Dartmouth College. The trip to Lake Placid during the holidays affords excellent experience for the team, and with the McGill interfaculty meet on January 30th, and a proposed trip to Shawbridge on February 1st, the ski team should be in pretty good shape to give the American Colleges across the line a well fought battle for the intercollegiate title.

## Two Weak Events

McGill has always been weak in the snow-hoe and speed skating events, but it is hoped that the new recruits this year will train seriously and be of more material benefit than they have been in the past.

Dartmouth has issued a friendly challenge to McGill for a ski meet towards the end of this season. It is hoped that this may take place at Lucerne-in-Quebec or at Murray Bay sometime towards the end of February.

The McGill Winter Outing Club will be very distinctive this year with members wearing their newly designed badges. The badge consists of a large red M, and three stream-lined martlets directly below all on a background of white silk.

The purchase of this badge for the sum of twenty-five cents is the only requirement for membership in the Winter Outing Club. This entitles members to enter all activities, such as weekly slalom races and the occasional week-end trip. Badges may be obtained from any of the executive.

## TENNIS

(Continued from Page Three)

far as McGill students are concerned. The matches drew large crowds every day of the play, who stood, or sat at the court side for hours to watch the splendid exhibitions.

Judging by the keen competition in the college tournament McGill should be able to field just as powerful a quartet in 1931, although the graduation of Crain, and Leslie seems, at first sight, to be a terrible weakening of the club.

## Choral Society

As the necessary cutting of the chorus will take place immediately after the commencement of the second term, members will be well advised to have their parts well in hand, as they are all expected to have them completely memorised by the end of the holidays. The first practice after the holidays will be held in the Union Hall Room at 8:05 p.m., on January 6th. Members are asked to watch the first daily for complete announcements.

## Order: Mammalia Species: Homo Pbls. Sub-species: Studentus Collegii

(Continued from Page One)

mentioned mammal although experts in the field can distinguish between the two by a careful examination. I have here beside me preserved in this glass-case two specimens of Students Collegii. You will notice that these two specimens differ to an appreciable extent. As far as I could determine by careful observation of the habits of the animal—the type on the right measuring on the average five foot eleven inches, and generally brachycephalic seems to be the more active. The rich hairy growth you see on this individual is not common epithelial hair. It is the outer winter layer of a series of superincumbent coverings employed by this animal in common with the whole species; the difference being that in Studentus Collegii the coverings are usually of a richer hue. The small ellipsoid you see emerging from this outer layer (I hope those in the back-benches can notice it) is the head. The skull has a hardness of 9.83 (diamond-70) and the weight of the brain by the analytical balance is 0.00021 gms. The animals propel themselves by alternately putting forward one of the legs—as in Homo the body bifurcates downward somewhat near the centre.

The sedentary type has a more spherical head; the weight of the brain is actually 0.03 gms. and his "plumage", so to speak, is of a duller color. It was impossible for me to find out by any means whatever the use these animals made of books. They peer constantly into them but I could not observe any influence in physical or mental development this constant peering had on them. The noises issuing from this type are totally different from those of the first mentioned type. I shall come back to this phenomenon later, in detail.

The Student live in communities known as campuses. They are bisexual, in the main, but some communities house only male students. The female of the sub-species deserves particular attention. To my regret it was impossible for us to capture a female as they are very flighty and cunning. In appearance they present an extremely varied assortment, not easy to classify. There are some who resemble the males very closely and this class presents particular difficulties for the investigator. The other great class of the female sex is interesting, both from the point of view of comparative morphology and group behaviour. I advised some of my young assistants to make the careful study of the female of Studentus Collegii, their field of research. It is still a virgin field.

The technician of our expedition has made two recordings of the noises produced by these curious creatures. The first you will hear is a conversation between two specimens of the brachycephalic type; the other is a record of a dialogue between two individuals of the sedentary class.

1. Are you, Jim? Pretty good, how's yourself... Seen Bob... Yes, walking down Bleury with a dame... Good looking... I dunno, kinda... S'long Jim... S'long Bill...

2. It is preposterous of 'Dr. Dash to speak of 2147 past participle in Layamon's 'X Brute'. I have personally enumerated them this morning and there are only 3146 -- one is extremely doubtful... Yes, I too have found it so. The present generation of scholars has no regard for accuracy. They lack intellectual integrity... Quite so, Quite so. Good morning Percival... Ave atque vale, Horatio.

As you perceive there is an equal lack of coherence and sense in both of the speeches here recorded. Care-

## CITY TOUR

(Continued from Page One)

then I said I should you the city. See the band is starting, there is to be some entertainment for us. It is jazz. Your bones are being sawn through, your nerves tortured, the higher brain centres deadened, you are a savage. So are these girls savages who come here to dance for us, eight of them wiggling forward, synthetically smiling, buttockshaking, leggleaming bosomgleaming, blucskiked-breasts wobbling, hands and arms arctwirling. See that little one there on the right. See the ribs dealgrin under the flesh, note the flat chest, pitiful little birdchest, sunken shoulders. Even that silly grin cannot wholly choke back the cough. Hear it silly there, rough, dry, the orchestra leader frowns at her, she grins back silyly soullessly how bright her eyes are. She must keep on or she will starve. She will finish by 3.30. Let us not enquire what she does after. She will be cured for that cough when she finishes. Well, soon she will not be cured any more.

Note how the music, the voluptuous dance, the nearly-naked girls holds the crowd. See the staring, greedy eyes of them the throbbing, sweat-smelling bodies, the thumping feet, the drumming fingers. Beating the tom-tom, whitepainted, grotesque squatting obscenely in the red glow by the jungle...tom-tom-tom; yerooh, yerooh, eeeeeee...madder, madder the dance, Mumbo Jumbo, god of the Congo, Mumbo Jumbo will hoodoo you wilder, more abandoned the dance, the naked black figures red-glowing, shadowflowing whirling, whirling, shrieking animal passion surging up, men, women, animals, menwomenanimals...boom, boom, boom.

Here comes the waiter, silkfooted, silkvoiced. Let us go, let us leave this coffee, let us get air, into the street. Thank God. He thinks we are crazy but what matter. Desire, desire, all the world redthrobbing with desire, damn that place, it is in my blood, desire, desire, boom, boom, boom, so that woman in front alone stately in seal skin. She is naked under the seal skin. See the baro of

ful work has to be done upon it and several other unsettled problems, before we are able to say anything definite about the modes of life of this bizarre sub-species. The only certain hypothesis I can formulate, basing my pronouncement on all available up-to-date literature on the subject, is that the sub-species Studentus Collegii is not an evolutionary variation of Homo but is a selectively degenerated offshoot of some hitherto unknown simian species. (Prolonged applause.)

her legs there, the flowing of her little flanks, desiretrembling, love-quivering. She is Helen of Troy and Quenevere and Cleopatra, she is mysterious as night and lovely as jewelled moons. Let us follow her. She has gone. Perhaps she never existed. See the world now, the hungry faces, the greedy eyes, the snatching hands, the hungry mouths, desire, desire, desire, all is desire. Do you not feel this scene slipping through you slipping into your soul, could you not clutch it to you, and crush it, insatiable, and cry never easing the ache of desire in you. The world is all desire all desire and love. Love! Antony for Cleopatra, Bill for Marge, Algernon for Christina, bull for cow, Trolius for Eriseyde, Mr. Dinosaur for Mrs. Dinosaur, Duchess Marmalade for the negro butler, little Willie for little Sally, Freddy Freshman for Greta Garbo, sheat and hecat, boot-ligger for Chorus girl, poet for a dream, love love, the king and queen, the cow and the bull, love, love, love, love, Christina darling I adore you, will her majesty the queen condescend to love his majesty the king, moo-moo, mamma love papa, get heated kid, little cowcow love big bullbull, my precious your eyes are like starved roses, woof, darling, darling, darling. Love, love, desire without end, pain with no casing. Let us tell her, this city, let us cry for

comfort on the square stone breasts of her, seek for easing of desire in the cold of her kiss. Let us drown this pain in the iron quivering of her loins. O desire without end!

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